

Poetry.

ELLA MAY.

BY "GOLD LEAF."

Reclining in a passive mood,
In a listless attitude,
Sits sweet Ella May,
Sighing with the gentle wind,
Emblem of a distressed mind,
Sighing all the day.
Cheeks of rosy damask hue—
Eyes of deep and melting blue;
Faded lips,
Cherry lips so sweetly
Say, "You need not look at my
Raven hair."
But she looks so sad to-day,
Does my gentle Ella May,
That I scarce know why,
But I feel I'd like to know
What does her bosom so,
And in her secret pry.
But as she sits so pining,
And gazes into vacancy,
I dare not thus disturb
The thoughts that in her fancy swell,
That in her bosom's recess dwell
And utter not a word,
But soft 'tis heard upon the breeze,
That softly murmurs through the trees,
A manly voice.
Now quickly flies that look distrust,
And nestled closely to his breast,
Two hearts rejoice.
Now I will softly steal away,
And leave my happy Ella May;
I'll not be rude,
Leave to themselves their happy pair,
So free from worldly grief and care,
I'll not intrude.

Miscellaneous.

Midnight Train to Paris.

I held it true, whether I felt it
I felt it when, in my heart,
The better I had loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

It was Christmas eve—I remember
it well—a dreary day as ever Decem-
ber brought us. Our part of the country
is not a cheerful one in winter: it
is in the north, and high up, and not
much sheltered; the snow falls early
and lies late there, and the wind and
wintry rain sweeps over the hills in a
wild, hopeless, pitiless way, that peo-
ple who are not used to it find it very
hard to keep up their spirits against;
and even I, who am used to it, can't
afford to be idle these days, and sit
looking out of the window on the driv-
ing rain, and the cloudy hills, and the
splashing pools that are not more mud-
den than the low, dull sky. If ever I
do, I get thinking over days gone by,
and the hopes they carried with them;
and the present, so drearily different
to that I used to think it would be;
of the future that looks, when I am in
this mood, and I think about it, very
much like the prospect I see out doors
—as dull, as indistinct, as hopeless.

However, I must come back to my
Christmas eve, and keep on straight to
my story.
I was, alone, for the first time of
my life, at that period of the year.
My brother, with whom I had lived,
had been obliged some weeks previ-
ously to go to Paris on business. He
was agent to Lord Somerleigh, on
whose estate we lived, and who resided
much abroad. It was a cruel dis-
appointment both to Frank and me
that he could not be at home for Christ-
mas, and I am afraid I did not bear
it as patiently as I might have done;
for I was then but a girl, and Frank,
who was a good many years
older, had spoiled me, as a father is
apt to spoil an only child, so that it
was a rare thing to me to have my
wishes crossed.

I had got through the morning pre-
tly well, for there was always plenty
to do in our little household, and I
had many resources in the way of
books, drawing and music; but when
the evening came on, there arrived,
under cover of the darkness, such a
legion of blue devils, that I could not
stand up against them. O, the wind,
shrieking, and howling and wailing;
—and the rattling of doors and win-
dows, and the hush of the sleet against
the window? They there would come
in draughts that, despite the glowing
fire, blew chilly between my shoulders
and about my ankles, and caused the
curtains to wave in a way that made
me feel very uncomfortable indeed to
look upon; and, worst of all, Linda,
Frank's pet setter, whom I had got in
to keep me company, became troubled
in her mind, and would sit for a few
minutes looking gloomily into the fire,
with her damp nose twitching till it
gave out a low whine, and then she
would walk to the door, and sniff un-
der it, and look back at me and lie
down with a flop, and get up again
and walk to and fro restlessly, and lis-
ten, and even come now and then to
utter a low growl; all of which demon-
strations on her part so added to my
nervous comfort that I had a great
mind to call up Jane from the kitchen,
even though I knew Bill Hawkins, to
whom she was to be married the day
after New Year's Day, had come in to
see her, and I was unwilling to dis-
turb their *tete-a-tete*, which even Bessy,
our other servant, respected, by going
up to bed before her usual time.

Suddenly Linda's vague meanness
assumed a more dignified form; she
trotted briskly to the window, listen-
ed, sniffed, and then burst forth into
a violent fit of barking, which was
echoed by Hero and Nep, outside.

A good deal startled, I opened the
door, and stood by it, ready for all
emergencies, for I must tell you it was
a rare thing indeed for any stranger
to be about there at that time in the
evening, and the dogs never barked at
any but strangers. Then there came
a violent peal at the door-bell. I
stood on the landing and listened over
the banisters, while Bill Hawkins, fol-
lowed by Jane, went to the front door.
"Doan't 'ee open it, Bill," she whis-
pered loudly, "until 'ee knows who it
be."

"Bother, lass," was all Bill's rejoin-
der, as he drew back the bolt and turn-
ed the key.

A telegraphic message for Miss
Grey, I heard a strange voice utter.
My heart smote me—it could only be
from Frank—and I ran down and met
him on the stairs, took the paper from
Bill, and rushed back to the light to
read it.

"Your brother is very ill," it said;
"we hope not in danger, but would ad-
vise you, if possible, to lose no time in
coming to him." Then followed di-
rections about trains, steamboats, &c.

Of course, there was but one thing
to be done. Jane and I hurried a few
clothes into a trunk, Bill engaged to
have the dog-cart at the door before
five o'clock in the morning, and, hard-
ly stopping to undress, I threw myself
into bed, and after tossing about
through some weary hours of unspeak-
able suffering and anxiety, I fell a-
sleep barely an hour before Bessy,
warned by Jane, came to call me.

At any other time, the thought of
taking such a journey alone, and a
great part of it at night, in itself,
would have been sufficient to fill me
with the extreme anxiety, not to say
alarm. I had never traveled by my-
self in my life—I had never crossed
the sea; but now my mind was so filled
with a foreboding terror and anxi-
ety about my dearest dear Frank, that
I hardly thought of these things. I
might have taken Bessy, but I knew
that once away from home, she was an
unhelpful little body, and besides I
was so utterly ignorant of the proba-
ble amount of my traveling expenses,
that I was afraid, perhaps, with two
of us, my money might run short, and
then what should I do!

Before the clock struck five we were
off—Bill Hawkins and I—in the dog-
cart, meeting the cutting wintry wind
as it swept across the world.

It was good twelve miles to the rail-
way station, and though old Jack put
his best foot foremost, what with the
hills and the heaviness of the roads, it
took us well on to two hours to get
there. However, I was in time for
the train, that was all I cared about,
and soon was whirled off miles and
miles away from the farthest bit of
country that my longest rides or drives
had made me acquainted with.

Then, indeed, I began to feel a
lone lorn creature, and as I had the
carriage all to myself, I indulged—
truly indulged in the word under some
circumstances—in a hearty fit of cry-
ing.

In due time we reached London.—
At the station we met old Mr. L.,
Lord Somerleigh's lawyer, and a sort
of friend—one of those people we call
friends because we have been in more
or less close contact with them all our
lives—of Frank's. He told me it was
feared Frank's illness was small-pox.

"A bad case?" I asked.
He shook his head—he could not
say; he was afraid so, because delirium
had set in almost immediately. It
was the physician who had written to
him and sent me the telegraphic mes-
sage.

Mr. L. gave me the passport
he had secured for me, took me some
where—I don't know where—to eat
something which I couldn't eat; saw
me back to the railway station, and
again I was in the train on my way to
Dover.

This time I was not alone in my car-
riage. There were three persons be-
sides myself: a husband and wife, who
had evidently had a quarrel on the
way to the station, and who kept up
small bickering most of the journey.
The man I should say had begun the
battle: he was fat, red, and of a gen-
erally choleric and appoplectic aspect;
but the woman must have been a rare
one to perpetuate such differences. She
was lean and sallow, with a hard black
eye, and a slit of the mouth that went
down at the corners, and a determined
would-be victim look and manner, un-
speakably hard to be borne with. Op-
posite to me, in the corner, sat a young
man of about five-and-twenty, fair, and
curly-haired, with a clear, bright blue
eye, and a face as pleasant to look up-
on as you ever saw.

I am free to confess that when I
was able to collect my thoughts and
take a little notice of what was going
on about me, I had a vague satisfac-
tion in having him opposite to me, in-
stead of one of those others.

I suppose I looked very dreary and
woebegone, for occasionally I acci-
dentally encountered my neighbor's
eye glancing at me with a certain
amount of pitying interest. It was bit-
terly cold, and I was not as well pro-
vided as I might have been with wraps;
besides which, I had never thoroughly
recovered from the chill of my early
morning's drive. He saw me shiver,
I suppose; but without speaking, he

unstrapped a railway wrapper he had
placed beside him, and quite simply
and naturally, not only insisted on
lending it to me, but helped to envel-
op me in it, with as much skill as care.
"Are you going to cross over this
evening?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.
"And on to Paris?"
"Yes," I said again; and somehow,
by the time we got to Dover, I had
told him the object of my journey, and
various details thereabout.

I suppose it was very foolish, and
that some people would have been
much scandalized; but I felt it a com-
fort to speak to anybody that looked
and spoke kindly, and I was barely
nineteen, and so unused to the world's
ways!

He was going to Paris, too, and he
asked me, as if it were a favor, to let
him look after me, and see to my lug-
gage, and get me through the Custom
House, and all the rest of it.

"I have sisters of my own," he said,
"one, I should think, about your age,
and you must let me do for you what
I would do for her."

We had a rapid passage, and hap-
pily I was not a bit sick; and was able
to stay on deck all the time.

My new friend would not hear of
taking his wrapper; but finding me a
sheltered corner to sit in, he rolled me
up in it from head to foot, and came
every few minutes to see how I was
getting on.

It was quite dark by the time we
landed. He helped me through every
difficulty: insisted on getting me some
dinner at Calais, and in due time we
started by the night train for Paris.

We had a carriage all to ourselves.
"You are tired to death," my friend
—might I not call him my friend?—
said; "put up your feet and let me
cover you up—so; and now lie back
in the corner and go to sleep."

I did as he bade me quite passively,
all but the going to sleep—I couldn't
manage that at all once. The thought
of, and the fear for Frank, lulled dur-
ing a little space, came back upon me,
and I was utterly ignorant of the proba-
ble amount of my traveling expenses,
that I was afraid, perhaps, with two
of us, my money might run short, and
then what should I do!

All this time my friend read quietly
by the light of the lamp, and I could
see him now and then glance at me to
know if I was asleep, and I pretended
to be, as a child does when its mother
has bidden it slumber.

At last, fairly worn out, to sleep I
went in earnest. I don't know how
long—it seemed a great while—and
then woke up out of a terrible dream,
composed of all sorts of horrors—sick-
ness, death, tossing on weary waves,
torn by mad rushing trains, never
never arriving at my destination—all
the circumstances of my mission and
journey jumbled up into a tangled maze
of impossible terrors.

I caught myself, when I woke, still
sobbing and gasping, and there, bend-
ing towards me, full of pity and anxi-
ety, was the kindly face of yesterday,
for it was now in the first hours of the
morning, and the kindly voice came
soothingly on my ear.

I started up, considerably ashamed
of myself.
"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed,
rubbing my eyes; "I'm afraid I have
disturbed you."

"Oh, no; I can seldom sleep when
I'm traveling. I'm afraid you're not
rested, you have slept so uneasily—
try to compose yourself again."

"No, I've done with sleep now; I'd
rather wake any time than have such
horrible dreams again. Dear, dear!
when do you think we shall get there?"
"Not for some hours yet. What
shall we do to lighten the time for you?
Could you read, do you think? Here
is a very amusing book."

I tried to read, but in vain; the
dim light, the tremulous movement,
the fatigue, and the anxiety, all made
it a labor instead of a relief to me.
My neighbor quietly, and without
speaking, took the book out of my
hand.

"See that won't do. Tell me, where
is your brother staying in Paris?"
"In the Rue de Martignon; do you
know where that is?"

"Oh, well; I am going very near
there myself. But you must let me
take you to your brother's, first—
Have you ever had the small-pox?"

"No, never."
"You have been vaccinated, of course;
but have you been lately?—since your
childhood?"

"No."
"It is a great risk," he said, deliber-
ately. "I wish you could be vaccinat-
ed first."

"Ah, but that's impossible! I'm
not the least afraid; and they say
that's the best preservation. At any
rate, what will be, will, you know."

"You are a brave little lady; you
are not afraid either for your life or
your pretty face?"

I drew up a little; somehow I did
not like that last word; it seemed—
what shall I say?—out of place, not
in keeping with the rest of his manner.
He saw I was annoyed, and within
the next five minutes contrived by
voice and look and manner to apolo-
gize without a word of actual excuse.

We talked on till, as we drew near
Paris, two of the other passengers got
in at a station where we stopped. One

of these, a smart but dirty young man,
took a place next my friend, and nearly
opposite to me, and after staring at
me for some time, said aloud to his
companions:

"Elle est jolie, l'Anglaise." ("The
English girl is pretty.")
My friend colored up furiously.

"Monsieur, mademoiselle—je n'est
pas sourde, et, de plus, elle comprend
de français."—"Sir, the young lady
is not deaf, and she understands
French."

"Pardon, monsieur—je n'avais
aucune intention d'offenser mademoi-
selle—pardon!" ("I beg your par-
don, sir; I had no intention of offend-
ing the young lady.")

And thereon my dirty neighbor
withdrew himself from observation by
pulling his traveling-cap over his eyes
and feigning to count stumps, while
his companions talked apart to each
other and laughed, apparently much
amused at his discomfiture.

At last we reached Paris, and then,
for the first time, I began quite to re-
alize my position, to feel that I was
about to see Frank, to know to what
end my voyage had served, to learn
whether I was to rejoice or tremble;
and so overpowering was the sensa-
tion that I shivered from head to foot,
and could hardly answer the brief
questions my friend put to me.

"Poor child!" he said, "try to com-
pose yourself; I'll put you into a
fiat, and you keep there quiet till I
come to you. Give me your keys;
I'll go and see to your luggage."

There I sat by myself, I can't say
how long—not long, I daresay, but it
seemed a weary time to me—feeling
about as miserable as I had ever felt
in my previous life. Since then I
have had a larger experience of terri-
ble hours, but that was the first very
dark one to which my memory now
goes back. But it brightened with
the return of the welcome face and
voice, that came on me as those of one
long known and trusted.

He directed the coachman where to
go, and then stepped in beside me.
"Thank you, you are very, very
good!" was all I could say; "what
should I have done without you?"

He smiled upon me—he had a beau-
tiful smile.

"I only wish I could do more for
you—be of real comfort and help to
you. Promise me one thing," he said,
turning to me suddenly, with earnest
eyes and voice; "promise that this
shall not be our last meeting—that
you will let me see you again!"

"I promise."
"Your hand upon it!"
I laid my hand in his, without the
least mistrust, and he held it for a
moment, pressed, and then resigned it.

"May I call to-morrow?—next day?"
"Next day, please—I shall be so oc-
cupied to-morrow."

"So it shall be."
We spoke no more until the *fiacre*
clattered up to the number indicated
in the Rue de Martignon. My friend
jumped out and rang the bell.

"Who am I to ask for?" he said,
coming back to the coach-door.

"Mr. Grey."
With a sharp click the little door
in the middle of the *porte-cochere* o-
pened as of itself, and my friend step-
ped through it and disappeared, dis-
pite my cry after him to let me out.

I had called to the coachman to re-
lease me, when he returned, with a
face that made me shiver.

"Well?—tell me!"
"Your brother is very ill; prepare
yourself to find him so."

"Not dead! Oh, my God! not dead?"
"No, no, really; give me your arm,
I will help you up stairs."

I had need of it to climb those weary
four flights up which he supported me.
At the door we met Dr. R.—

"I thought it right to send for you,
Miss Grey," he said, "but I cannot let
you see your brother at this moment;
the risk—worn out as you must be,
and coming from the outer air; would
be too great; besides, he is not con-
scious—would not recognize you."

"I must see him! Oh, I must!
What have I come all this weary way
for else? And who can tell how long—"

A violent burst of tears checked
further speech, and then my friend
spoke gently but firmly:

"Come in and sit down for a mo-
ment."

He took me into the little sitting-
room pointed out by Dr. R.; there
were Frank's books, his writing-case;
a dozen little memorials of him—placed
me on a sofa and took a seat beside
me, drying my eyes with his own
handkerchief; it was perfumed with
a certain scent he always used, the odor
of which I cannot smell now without
an agony of recollection; and sooth-
ing the violence of my emotion.

"Wait just a few minutes," he said,
when I became calmer, "while I speak
to the doctor. You shall see your
brother as soon as possible."

The two conversed apart for a lit-
tle, and then Dr. R.—retired.

"He is gone to see if there be any
change in your brother, and will ad-
mit you as soon as he is able."

In about a quarter of an hour Dr.
R.—led me in to Frank's room.

All words are vain to express my
impression of the sight before me, and
I pass it over in silence.

I cannot say how long I remained

by the senseless figure, which bore no
shadow of resemblance to my darling
Frank—to any human creature; but
when Dr. R.—led me back to the
sitting-room, dumb and speechless with
terror and despair, I found my friend
still there.

From that time all became dim and
obscure to me, for the same night I
was attacked with the symptoms of the
disease, and God knows how I strug-
gled through it. By the time I was
out of danger, Frank was dead and
laid in his foreign grave, and I was
utterly alone in the world.

Lord Somerleigh has sent to inquire
for you many times, Dr. R.—said,
when I was able to attend to anything,
"and to know what he can do to assist
you; he begs you will be frank, and
say whatever you desire. He is in
great trouble himself: Mr. Yorke has
taken the disease. I feared it was
only too probable he might."

"Mr. Yorke?" I looked up for ex-
planation.

"He would come constantly to the
house—to the lodging itself—while
you were ill; so was continually re-
newing the chances of infection."

Mr. Yorke—Lord Somerleigh's son
—my friend—it all flashed across me
at once! He, too, then, was to be
dragged into this horrible fate, and
that through me, a stranger, whose
existence a month ago was unknown
to him!

Dr. R.—attended him also, and
I had daily reports of him, for which
I waited with a sickening anxiety, the
real nature of which I could not long
conceal from myself. After an anx-
ious and dangerous struggle, however,
the disease took a favorable turn, and
he was declared on the road to recov-
ery.

Lord Somerleigh came himself and
took me to his house, as soon as I
could be moved. He was a widower,
but had two daughters, both living
with him. They were very, very kind
to me—God bless them!—then, and
have been ever since.

"To-morrow you shall see Cecil, if
you will," Lady Helena, the elder,
said to me. "It is a great comfort to
him to know you are in the house, poor,
darling boy!" She ended with a
heavy sigh.

Next day as I was lying on the sofa
in her *boudoir*, Cecil Yorke was led
in with a deep green shawl over his
eyes; Lady Helena met him at the
door, and tenderly taking his disen-
gaged hand, conducted him to my
couch, placed a chair for him, and in
silence she and her sister left the room.
For some moments neither of us spoke,
so intense was our agitation. At last
he said:

"Give me your hand—let me feel
you."

I held it out to him; he stretched
his—not in the direction of mine—but
vaguely, gropingly. I saw the truth
in an instant—he was blind!

Yes, utterly, hopelessly blind. Cut
off, in the prime and pride of his youth,
his strength, his beauty, from all that
might make the future bright and de-
sirable—from life's best hopes, gifts,
enjoyments.

"I had hoped," he said, "to have ask-
ed the possession of this little hand
once—that is over now."

"Why over? I struggled to say."
"Have they not told you—do you
not see—what I have become? Never,
never more shall I see the light of
heaven, or the light of my life—your
sweet face; do not be angry with me
now," he added, with a faint smile,
"for calling it so."

"And is that all that separates us?"
"All?"

"Yes; is there no other reason?—
no other consideration or obstacle?
Is it because that through me you have
lost your sight, you give me up?"

"Entirely—solely!"
"Then I swear, oh, how joyfully! to
be yours as long as we both shall live.
Hush, I love you, ten thousand times
better than I should have loved you
strong, well, prosperous, happy! Life
without you would be a burthen intol-
erable to be borne. What! I, friend-
less, homeless, I may say, probably de-
prived of any good looks that may once
have pleased you; I am not to esteem
myself too proud, too blest in being
allowed to give my life the one object
of rendering yours as endurable as it
may be made? No, if you reject me,
all hope, all joy, are taken from my
future. My fate is in your hands."

He could not throw me off; his fa-
ther, whatever might have been his
feelings under other circumstances, had
no objection to make under those
that existed, (Cecil was, moreover, on-
ly his second son,) and it was agreed
that in a year—my darling brother's
recent death made me demand that in-
terval—we should be married.

Meanwhile, I was to return home as
soon as my health should be entirely
established, and Cecil was to come and
spend much of the time of his proba-
tion at Hollylands, his father's estate,
to which my dearest Frank had been
agent.

The spring and summer and autumn
passed away, no matter now to tell how.
There are passages in one's life, that
one can think of by hours together, but
that can never more be described in
words.

The memories of dead happinesses,
like the memories of dead friends, may

be invoked by the heart, but not by
the tongue. There is something awful
in speaking of the dead aloud.

Hollyland House was barely three-
quarters of a mile from the cottage
where Frank and I had lived since my
childhood, and which Lord Somerleigh
allowed me to remain in, till the period
of my marriage should arrive; and the
road between them was so plain and
straight, that after traversing it many
times, Cecil learned to find his way to
the cottage alone.

In summer, I did not mind his com-
ing so, but as winter drew on with
storms and wild weather, I felt nervous
about it. But he only laughed.

"The blind magnet finds its way to
the pole in all weathers," he would an-
swer.

Again,
"The time drew near the birth of Christ,"
and in Christmas week we were to be
married; Lord Somerleigh was coming
over purposely to be present at the
ceremony, and Cecil's sisters to be my
bridesmaids.

The winter had set in very stormily,
and heavy rains had swollen the hill-
streams into torrents, and flooded the
low lands in many places. The night
that ushered in Christmas eve, was a
terrible one.

Wind, thunder, and lightning, and
sheets of rain, kept me nearly all night
waking; and I resolved that ere the
hour arrive that could, at the earliest,
bring Cecil to me, I would go on my
way to meet him, and prevent the pos-
sibility of his coming alone.

To me, hill-reared and hardy, weather-
was nothing; and before mid-day,
despite wind and rain, I sallied forth
in the direction of Hollyland House.

About half-way between it and my
cottage, one of the largest of our moun-
tain streams crossed the road, and was
spanned by an old stone bridge. As I
nearly it, looking up through the beat-
ing rain, I stood aghast—the centre
of the bridge was gone! On either side
the piers of the ruined arch gaped, and
between them rolled and roared the
water, raging against the obstacle it
had formed in the mass of crum-
bled stone-work that encumbered its
bed.

"Oh, well that I have come!" I
thought. "Probably Cecil knows not
of this, and here will I take my stand
till I see him."

Near an hour I waited there, shel-
tering myself as best I might behind
the parapet of the bridge, still looking
through the blinding rain and fog to-
wards the path by which he must ad-
vance.

At last I saw him, and springing up,
and drawing as near to the

Patience and Perseverance bring success.

23. We have received the "Minutes of the 10th Annual Meeting of the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina," held at Statesville, N. C., May 1859.

The Salisbury *Banner* has been transferred to Mr. John Spellman, so we learn by the "Watchman."

The Road surveyed from this point to Statesville. A general meeting of the stockholders is to be held in Charlotte Friday next.—*Char. Democrat.*

estimated at one billion and two hundred millions, of whom Christians constitute 25.77 per cent; Jews 0.88 per cent; Asiatic religion 46.15 per cent; Mohammedan 12.81 per cent; Pagan

Bbls. Crushed and powdered
Bbls. A. B. and C. Sugar
Sacks Salt
Sale cheap for cash or country produce.
J. F. MOOSE,
Isbury, June 24, 1859. 6m

isbury, June 24, 1859. 6m

The Irrell Express.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

State Elections.

The election for Governor and members of Congress and the State Legislature of Louisiana took place Monday. State elections were held on Tuesday last, as follows: Massachusetts, for Governor and Legislature; in New York, for Secretary of State, Comptroller and Legislature; in New Jersey, for Governor; in Illinois, for Local Officers and a member of Congress, in place of Hon. Thos. L. Harris, deceased, and in Wisconsin, for a Governor and a Legislature, on which will devolve the choice of a United States Senator. We subjoin such returns from these elections as the telegraph has brought to hand:

LOUISIANA.

In New Orleans the American party swept the city by a majority of 2500. The election in that city was conducted with the most perfect order, no disturbance occurring during the day. The Democratic State ticket is elected, but Miles Taylor, anti-Slavery Democrat, and Edward Bouquigny, American, are elected to Congress by large majorities.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The vote in this State is smaller than it has been for years. The candidates for Governor were, Banks, Rep., Butler, Dem., Briggs, Whig. The election returns from nearly the whole State give Banks a majority over all of upwards of nine thousand. His plurality over Butler (Democrat, for Governor) is upwards of twenty-three thousand. The entire Republican State ticket is elected. The Legislature stands—

NEW YORK.

In this State the Democrats and Republicans had tickets in the field, and at the Convention in Utica not long since the American Party selected such portions of each of these tickets as they preferred. Thus, for Secretary of State, the Democrats nominated Jones and the Republicans Leavenworth. For this office the Americans supported the Democratic nominee. For Comptroller the Democrats nominated Church and the Republicans Denniston. The Americans supported Denniston.

The Tribune of Thursday morning figures out the result in this State as follows: "The five State officers on the Republican and American tickets are certainly elected by large majorities. The other four officers of the State ticket are doubtful under the present returns, but it is thought that the Republicans are elected."

"The new Senate is undoubtedly Republican by an increased majority. The Assembly is also strongly Republican. Of the county officers three fourths are Republicans. New York city elects one Republican Senator, which is a gain."

The Albany Journal claims the election of Leavenworth (Rep.) for Secretary of State by 8,000 and of Denniston (Rep.) for Comptroller by 25,000 majority.

WISCONSIN.

In this State the Republicans carry everything; Governor, State officers and Legislature.

ILLINOIS.

The election in this State was for local officers, and one member of Congress to fill the vacancy in the sixth district, occasioned by the death of Hon. T. S. Harris. The Springfield correspondent of the Times telegraphs that Sangamon county gives McClelland, Democrat, 500 majority. The returns from the district indicate that he is elected by from four to five thousand majority. It gave Mr. Harris 4,547 majority last year.

NEW JERSEY.

The candidates for Governor in this State were Wright, Dem., and Olden, Opp. The returns thus far indicate the election of the Whig Governor by two thousand majority. The State Senate is Democratic, but the political tone of the House remains in doubt.

A Shocking Shooting Affair.

This morning, one of the most painful cases of shooting occurred which it has been our unpleasant duty to record for some time, and which has resulted in the death of the party. Lewis Jones, a young man aged about 21, and a clerk in the General Land Office. The circumstances attending it, as far as we have been able to learn, appear to be as follows:

Young Jones was spending last evening with some friends on Massachusetts avenue, and some occasion presenting itself, he found his pocket-book missing. He wrote a note to his mother, a widow lady, who resides on the south side of New York avenue, between 9th and 10th streets. The note was delivered, and a reply made that she would much prefer he would come and get it himself, as it seemed that she was a little fearful he was intending to be absent that night or to leave the city.

Not getting the pocket-book he returned to his mother's residence, where he was most kindly admonished on being so wild, and in being absent from home so much of his time, and urgently persuaded to remain more at home with his mother and sisters. After this friendly conference with his only parent, he retired. This morning, on appearing with the family, his mother again took him aside, and beseeched him kindly to be better in future; to leave those companions who detained him from his home; and to live more with his parent and sisters, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him.

He appeared to heed her for a moment, but withdrew from her arms, and then suddenly drawing a pistol, remarked: "I have lived long enough, I can't stand this," or "Mother, see what I am going to do," and, presenting the pistol to his forehead, fired. The ball entered about the centre of his forehead, and he sunk almost lifeless into his agonized parent's arms. The alarm was given, and the household were soon present, together with the neighbors and passers-by. Physicians were immediately summoned, who probed the wound, but could not find the ball. The wound was large and frightful, indeed, owing to the proximity of the pistol to his head. He remained insensible, writhing in the agonies of pain, until death relieved him of his sufferings. This sad occurrence happened about 9 o'clock, and he died at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock this afternoon.

This is not the first attempt he has made to commit suicide, he having taken an overdose of laudanum a short time since, but which failed in its object.

Yesterday he applied to a friend to be his second in a duel in which he expected to take a part, caused, we believe, by a love affair.

The deceased was very small for his age, and was the son of the late Geo. H. Jones, assistant secretary to the President to sign land patents. At the death of his father he took his place in the Land Office, and was the sole support of his family.

Dr. Young and other physicians did everything in their power for the sufferer.

From the Salisbury Watchman.

Opposition Meeting in Rowan.

Pursuant to notice, a meeting of those opposed to the present Government was held in the Court House, in Salisbury, on Tuesday, 8th instant, when Col. E. D. Austin was appointed Chairman, and Wm. Locke, Secretary; when the following Resolutions were proposed and adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we think the affairs of the State of North Carolina have remained in the hands of the Democratic party long enough, and that the well being of the State requires a change of our rulers.

We think that it must be evident, that the condition of our State is much worse now than it was when that party came into power. Our State debt has been more than doubled, and so have our taxes, and if the present mismanagement of the Government continues, we see no prospect but that both our debt and our taxes will be greatly increased.

Resolved, That we regard the present aspect of our public affairs as most gloomy, and that this condition of things has been brought about by the unnecessary and mischievous agitation of the slavery question by men, who aim solely at the acquisition of political power regardless of the true interests of the nation. And while we express our entire want of confidence in the rulers and leaders of the Democratic party, both here and at the North, we exhort with all our hearts their bloody and most dangerous rivals, the Black Republicans, and unless the people shall rise in their might and put their feet on both of these parties, we have little hope for the peace of the country and the stability of the Union.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the recommendation of the Executive Committee, to hold an opposition State Convention at Raleigh, on the 22nd of February next, and that the Chairman of this meeting select thirty-four suitable persons to represent the opposition party of this county in that Convention.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Carolina Watchman, the Raleigh Register and other opposition papers of the State.

Pursuant to the 3d Resolution, the Chairman appointed the following persons as delegates:

J. G. Ramsay, F. E. Shober, R. H. Caldwell, H. C. Jones, Jr., N. Boyden, M. L. Holmes, James B. Gibson, L. Blackmer, J. J. Bruner, Charles L. Partee, M. S. McKenzie, O. G. Ford, John K. Graham, John W. Steele, Dr. Samuel Kerr, John Luckie, Wm. A. Houck, L. F. Bradshaw, Leuco Mitchell, Alex. Buis, John C. Benson, B. Crowell, Abram Lantz, D. C. Reid, John Rimer, Casper Holshouser, Dr. Kilpatrick, Franklin Jamison, John Graham, Paul A. Seaford, John Irvin, Dr. O. P. Houston, Dr. S. Cunningham.

On motion, it was ordered that the Chairman and Secretary be added to the list of delegates.

E. D. AUSTIN, Chairman.

Wm. Locke, Secretary.

The Slave Trade.

What is to be the result of the Harper's Ferry insurrection cannot now be seen. We would not, however, be surprised, that it had the effect to increase the friends of re-opening the African Slave Trade. Many are now contending that this is the only course by which the institution of slavery can be maintained in Virginia, and the other border States. The high price of negroes is draining Virginia very fast of her most valuable slaves; and the Richmond Enquirer, Wise's organ, admits that all along the Northern border of Virginia, in Fairfax, Jefferson, Berkeley, Morgan, Loudoun and other counties, slavery is already practically abolished. That in these counties slavery is almost the voluntary act of the negroes; that no law in force compels labor, since to insist upon either results of the slave, who only remains in the State so long as it suits him to do so. It is contended that this will be the case in other parts of the State, as the negroes are sold off, unless the slave trade is re-opened. Greenboro' (N. C.) Patriot.

Read the Advertisements.

WALLACE & ELIAS

RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL

to their Large and Extensive Stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

Consisting of

Dry and Fancy Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Hardware and Cutlery, Crockery and Glassware, Groceries, Medicines and Jewellery.

and many other articles to mention, all of which we are selling—Cheaper than the Cheapest, for Cash or Country Produce, as our MOTTO is "Quick Sales and small Profits."

WE are sure that nobody will leave our Store without being satisfied, as it is our desire to please our Customers. Try us and judge for yourselves.

Nov 18, 1859. If

WALLACE & ELIAS, next door to the "Irrell Express" Office.

THE PLACE TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

S. J. RICKERT TAKES PLEASURE IN INFORMING HIS FRIENDS, PATRONS, AND ALL MANKIND IN GENERAL, THAT HE IS IN RECEIPT OF THE

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF CONFECTIONERY,

FANCY GOODS AND JEWELLERY.

EVER OFFERED IN STATESVILLE.

CALL AND EXAMINE HIS STOCK, As he takes pleasure in Showing his Goods.

If your HAIR is falling off, or diseased in any way, or you wish to Dye your hair, he has the article—

Prof. Wood's & Mrs. Allen's HAIR RESTORATIVE.

He is also AGENT for Sanford's, Ayer's and Dr. Jayne's MEDICINE.

LADIES, if you wish Preserves, Pickles, or Candies; GENTLEMEN, if you wish Presents for the LADIES; LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS, if you wish TOYS; IS THE PLACE TO BUY THEM.

STATESVILLE, March 30, 1859. 17tf

Markets

Statesville Market—Nov. 18, 1859.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY J. F. ALEXANDER & CO.]

Bacon	0.12 @ 0.12	Feathers	0.35 @ 0.40
Beef	0.40 @ 0.50	Flour	5.00 @ 6.00
Beeswax	0.25 @ 0.28	Flaxseed	1.00 @ 1.10
Butter	0.15 @ 0.20	Hides, dry	0.12
Coffee	0.14 @ 0.16	Green	0.05
Candles		Lard	0.00 @ 0.12
Tallow	0.20	Linsseed	0.30 @ 0.35
Adamant	0.20 @ 0.35	Molasses	0.40 @ 0.50
Corn	0.50 @ 0.85	Nails	0.05 @ 0.07
Chickens	0.10 @ 0.10	Peanut	0.85 @ 1.00
Dried Apples	0.00	Rice	0.02
peeled	0.00	Salt	0.25 @ 0.30
Dried Peaches	0.00	Sugar	0.10 @ 0.12
peeled	0.00	Loaf	0.15 @ 0.18
unpeeled	0.00	Tallow	0.10 @ 0.12
Eggs, doz	0.08	Wheat	0.90 @ 1.00

Charlotte Market—Nov. 15, 1859.

Bacon	0.13 @ 0.14	Rye	0.75 @ 0.80
Hams	0.13 @ 0.14	Beans	0.75 @ 0.70
Sides	0.11 @ 0.12	white	0.00
Hog	0.11 @ 0.12	Oats	0.00 @ 0.50
Beeswax	0.25 @ 0.28	Meal	0.80 @ 0.85
Butter	0.16 @ 0.20	Hides	
Candles		Dry	0.12 @ 0.14
Adamant	0.25 @ 0.30	Green	0.05 @ 0.06
Sperm	0.40	Iron	
Coffee	0.12 @ 0.14	Comm.	0.04 @ 0.05
Laguira	0.15 @ 0.16	Rolls	0.05 @ 0.05
Java	0.18 @ 0.20	Lard	0.13 @ 0.14
Cotton		Molasses	
Fair to good	0.09 @ 0.10	N. O.	0.00 @ 0.00
Ordin to mid.	0.09 @ 0.09	W. I.	0.35 @ 0.40
Flour		Nails	0.05 @ 0.06
Ex sup.	in bbls 5.25 @ 5.50	Salt, sek.	1.60 @ 1.75
In bags 2.62 @ 2.75		Spirits	
Super. 2.75 @ 2.85		Ryewh	0.75 @ 0.80
Fine	0.00 @ 0.00	N. C.	0.61 @ 0.62
Grain		Ap. Br.	0.60 @ 0.60
Wheat 1.05 @ 1.10		Peach	1.00 @ 1.50
Corn 0.70 @ 0.80		N. O.	0.10 @ 0.11
		Loaf	0.14 @ 0.15

Salisbury Market—Nov. 15, 1859.

Apples	0.50 @ 1.00	Molasses	0.35 @ 0.45
Bacon	0.11 @ 0.12	N. O.	0.60 @ 0.70
Beeswax	0.20 @ 0.25	Musco.	0.45 @ 0.50
Candles		Nails	0.05 @ 0.06
Adamant	0.25 @ 0.30	Oats	0.00 @ 0.45
Coffee	0.12 @ 0.14	Peanut	0.85 @ 1.00
Rio	0.12 @ 0.14	Rice	0.02
Java	0.17 @ 0.20	Salt, sek.	2.00 @ 2.00
Cotton	0.10 @ 0.12	Sugar	
Corn	0.50 @ 0.60	Brown	0.08 @ 0.11
Meal	0.85 @ 0.90	Crush	0.13 @ 0.17
Peas	0.10 @ 0.11	Flax	0.10 @ 0.11
Flour		Tallow	0.10 @ 0.12
bbbl.	4.75 @ 5.00	Wheat	
sack 2.25 @ 2.30		White	0.90 @ 0.95
Iron, bar	0.05	Red	0.75 @ 0.85
Lard	0.12 @ 0.13	Wool	0.25 @ 0.30

Wilmington Market—Nov. 12, 1859.

Reported weekly for the Express, by W. H. McCRARY & CO., Commission Merchants.

Bacon	0.00 @ 0.14	No 3	9.50 @ 10.00
Sides	0.00 @ 0.12	Bagging	1.30 @ 1.50
Shoulders	0.00 @ 0.10	Rope	6.00 @ 6.50
Pork, mess	\$18.00	Glue	12.00 @ 17.00
Lard	0.14 @ 0.00	Gunny	0.10 @ 0.00
Beeswax	0.30 @ 0.32	Grain	
Coffee		Corn	1.05 @ 0.00
Rio	0.11 @ 0.12	Wheat	1.30 @ 0.00
Laguira	0.12 @ 0.13	Oats	0.50 @ 0.00
Java	0.16 @ 0.18	S. Tur.	43.00 @ 0.00
Cotton, mid.	11	Rice	4.00 @ 0.00
Fair do	11 @ 0.00	Salt, sek.	0.00 @ 1.00
good do	0.00 @ 0.11	Liverp.	1.75
Feathers	0.45 @ 0.50	Sugars	
Flour		N. O.	0.07 @ 0.08
Family	0.00 @ 0.70	Crush	0.10 @ 0.10
Super.	0.00 @ 0.75	Flaxseed	1.50 @ 0.00
Line	0.00 @ 0.10	Irish Potatoes	22.00 @ 0.00
Plaster, in bbl.	1.50	bbbl.	0.00 @ 2.50
Cement	2.50	Guano, Peruvian	un der 5.00
Molasses		1 ton under 5.00	
N. O.	0.24 @ 0.26	1 ton	8.00 @ 0.00
C. O.	0.00 @ 0.00	Adamantine Candles	22.00 @ 0.00
Mulleets	6.00 @ 7.50	Mackerel	15.00 @ 0.00
Mackerel	15.00 @ 0.00	No 2	14.00 @ 0.00
No 2	14.00 @ 0.00	Herring	\$3.50 @ 2.00

WANTED. BUSHEL'S GOOD WHITE

WHEAT, for which the highest

Cash price will be paid.

Apply to J. F. ALEXANDER & CO.

Nov 1, '59. 14tf

Having

BOUGHT out the Interest of H. W. AYER in the late firm of J. K. & AYER. I will continue to conduct the Boot and Shoe manufacturing business, at the old stand, and very respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Oct. 25, 1858. W. L. JENKINS.

Home Made Molasses

The subscriber has manufactured and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, the very best article of

Molasses

from the Chinese cane. Cash or produce taken in payment. B. J. R. SUMMERS.

For sale likewise at the store of

JOS. W. STOCKTON, Statesville,

Oct 28 47tf

The Largest Lot of

PARLOR

and CHURCH STOVES

Ever offered in this Market, and will be sold lower than can be had in Western North Carolina, for Cash. Also, all kinds of PLAIN & JAPANESE TIN-WARE and STILLS kept on hand. All kinds of Copper and Sheet-iron work done at the shortest notice.

J. D. BROWN & CO.

Salisbury, Oct. 21, 1859. 46tf

FALL AND WINTER TRADE!

I RESPECTFULLY CALL THE ATTENTION of the Citizens of Irrell and the Public generally, to my large and well selected STOCK of

DRY GOODS,

Embracing a large, varied and beautiful assortment of Ladies Dress Goods, which for elegance and cheapness is not surpassed by any in the market.

A large Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

for Gentlemen and Boys—selected with great care from the largest and best Stocks in New York and Philadelphia.

An unusually large stock of Shoes and

HATS, CAPS,

&c., &c.,

some of them entirely new styles, very pretty and remarkable cheap.

Hardware, Crockery,

Drugs, Medicines, Paints,

and Dry-Staffs

KEROSENE or Coal Oil for Lamps, makes a clear, bright light and is as cheap or cheaper than Adamantine Candles. SUGAR, COFFEE, SALT, MOLASSES, SYRUP—King's Mountain IRON, a large lot and well assorted. Sole Leather, &c.

My Stock this Fall is unusually large and will be sold on the most accommodating terms. Call and Examine.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods at market prices.

Oct. 21, 59-46tf T. H. McCRORIE.

Wanted. 5,000 lb Beeswax.

10,000 lb Dried Fruit.

Oct. 21. T. H. McCRORIE.

10 TONS SUPER PHOSPHATE OF

LIME, for Sale by

Oct. 21-59. T. H. McCRORIE.

Executor's Sale.

I WILL offer at public sale on the 6th

of December next, at the late residence of JOSEPH DAVIDSON, deceased, 3 miles south of Statesville, the following property, to wit: A lot of

Cotton, Corn, Oats,

Hay, Wheat, and

Fodder;

Horses, Mules, Cattle, Hogs and

Sheep; 2 Road Wagons and Gearing; 1

one-horse Wagon; 1 Family Carriage

and Harness; 1 Rockaway and Harness; HOUSEHOLD and Kitchen

FURNITURE,

including a large COOK-STOVE; a Library of BOOKS; One Set of Blacksmith's

Tools; Farming Utensils; 1 Cotton Gin; 13 Shares W. N. C. R. R. Stock; and other articles too tedious to mention. Sale to continue from day-to-day until all is sold.

TERMS will be made known on the Day of Sale.

JOSEPH A. DAVIDSON, Exec.

Oct. 12, 1859. 46tds

Office Western N. C. Railroad, Salisbury, Oct. 6th, 1859.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and AFTER FRIDAY, THE 7TH

Inst., a Train of cars will leave Salisbury daily (Sundays excepted) at 8:00 a. m., carrying passengers and the U. S. Mail to the Catawba river, when it will be met by comfortable and commodious four-horse Coaches which will proceed directly westward with great dispatch.

Returning the train will leave Catawba river at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the arrival of the Western Coach and reach Salisbury at 4:20 in time to connect with the N. C. mail train going South.

On the banks of the Catawba the hospitable Mr. Lewis, in his recently erected mansion is prepared to entertain the traveling public. The Trains will run according to the following

SCHEDULE:

LEAVE Salisbury, - - 8:00 - Third Creek, - 8:45

Third Creek, - 8:50 - Statesville, - 9:25

Statesville, - 9:35 - Catawba River, 10:20

RETURNING,

LEAVE Catawba River, 2:00 - Statesville, - 2:45

Statesville, - 2:

NEW GROCERY
AND
Dry Goods Store

NOTICE
To Close Cash Buyers!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST OPEN
ed in the building on Main Street, form
erly occupied by W. J. Mills & Co., with a
ENTIRE NEW & EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
GROCERIES
HARDWARE,

**HATS, TRUNKS,
HARDWARE, NOTIONS
&c., &c.,**

GENERAL STORE!

Having purchased largely, he is determined to sell at prices which will command attention in the

CHEAPEST MARKETS

His business will be conducted strictly on the

CASH

OR READY PAY SYSTEM

by which no bad debts are made, and he can therefore afford to sell

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

A call is earnestly solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

NO TROUBLE

TO SHOW GOODS.

S. FRANKFORD.

All kinds of **Country Produce**
bought, or taken in exchange for Goods,
Cash Prices.

Salisbury, July 8, 1859. 31-6

CARRIAGE MAKING.

J. W. WOODWARD

[I still at his Old Stand, on Broad street,
few doors East of the Public Square,
where he is prepared

To Do All Kinds of Work
formerly done at the Establishment.
All Repairing done on short notice, and
a workmanlike manner. Interest charged
on Accounts after 1st January.

Feb. 27. 13-6

PHYSICIANS
Will find a select Stock of
Pure Chemicals,
EXTRACTS,
PHARMACEUTICAL
Preparations,
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
&c., &c.,
Great care is exercised in the preparation

OF STAINS, TINTURES, FLUID EXTRACTS, AND OINTMENTS, all being made strictly in accordance with the U. S. Pharmacopoeia, and conformably with recent improvements in PHARMACY,

AT
HENDERSON & ENNIS'S
DRUG STORE,
SALISBURY, N. C.

T-ly

W. H. WYATT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes,
Window Glass, Varnish,
&c., &c., &c.,
SALISBURY, N. C.

Jan. 1, 1859—5-ly

In Salisbury.
IF you wish to buy a nice suit of Clothing
 for as little money as possible, call at
Head Quarters,
 Next door to Brown, Coffin & Mock's, Salis-
 bury, N. C.
DAVID WEIL,
 June 3, 1859. *tf.*

McLEAN HOUSE,
STATESVILLE, N. C.
 Persons passing through, or coming to
STATESVILLE

Can be accommodated
With Meals at 25 cents each
 and comfortable
LODGINGS at the same rate.
 Horses well fed and attended to on rea-
 sonable terms. J. S. A. McLEAN.
 Oct. 19.

MANSION HOTEL.
Salisbury, N. C.

THE Subscriber takes pleasure in announce-
 ing to his friends, and the public generally
 that he has taken this long established and
 well known place every resi-

ble preparation to accommodate the business traveling and visiting portions of the public in the most satisfactory manner.

Particular attention is paid to his

TABLE,

and every comfort is provided in

HIS ROOMS.

His **Stables** are abundantly supplied, and attended by a careful Ostler; and to all department's the proprietor gives his personal attention.

A comfortable **Omnibus** runs regularly to the Depot on the arrival of the cars.

With these efforts to please, a liberal share of the public patronage is confidently solicited.

WM. ROWZEE.

May 29, 1858. 26-47

SIMONTON HOUSE.
THE Subscribers having become lessees of
this spacious new Hotel, located near the
Public Square and Court House, in Statesville,
respectfully announce that they are prepared
to accommodate the traveling public and all
who may favor them with patronage, and with
entertainment equal to any first-class Hotel
in the Union.

Mrs. M. A. WREN & SON.
July 3. 31-4